

*The History of*

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redzeme  
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues,  
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:  
Reueng the ieking and disdained contempt  
Of this proud King, who studies day and night  
To answere all the debt he owes to you,  
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:  
Therefore I say.

*Wor.* Peace Coosin, say no more.

And now I will vnclasp a secret booke,  
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents  
Ile read you matter deepe and dangerous,  
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit.  
As to o're walke a Current roring lowd,  
On the vnsteadfast footing of a speare.

*Hot.* If hee fall in, good night, or sinke or swime,  
Send danger from the East vnto the west,  
So honor crosse it, from the North to South,  
And let them grapple: O the bloud more stirrs  
To rowse a Lion, than to start a Hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Drives him beyond the boundes of patience.  
By heauen me thinks it were an easie leape,  
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,  
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,  
Where fadome line could neuer touch the ground,  
And pluck vp drowned honor by the lockes,  
So he that doth redeme her thence might weare  
Without corriuall all her dignities:

But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

*Wor.* He apprehendes a world of figures here,  
But not the forme of what he should attend,  
Good Coosin giue me audiente for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners,

*Hot.* Ile keepe them all.

By God he shall not haue a Scot of them,

No, if a Scot would saue his foule, he shall not.

*Henry the 4th*

Ile keepe them by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,

And lend no eare vnto my purp

Those prisoners you shall keepe

*Hot.* Nay, I will: thats flat:

He said he would not ransom

Forbad my tongue to speake of

But I will find him when he lies

And in his eare Ile hollo Mort

Nay, Ile haue a starling shal bet

No thing but Mortimer, and g

To keepe his anger still in indit

*Wor.* Heere you coosin a wor

*Hot.* All studies here I tolen

Saue how to gali and pinch thi

And that same sword and buck

But that I thinke his father lou

And would be glad he met wi

I would haue him poysoned wi

*Wor.* Farewell kinsman, Ile t

When you are better temper

*Nor.* Why what a waspe ton

Art thou, to breake into this w

Tying thine eare to no tongue.

*Hot.* Why looke you, I am whi

Netled, and stung with pismire

Of this vile politician Bullingb

In Richards time, what do you

A plague vpon it, it is in Gloce

Twas where the mad-cap Duke

His vncke yorke, where I first b

Vnto this King of smiles, this l

Zbloud when you and he came

*Nor.* At Barkly Castle.

why what a candie deal of cur

This fawning greyhound then

Looke when this infant fortun

And gentle Harry Percy, and l